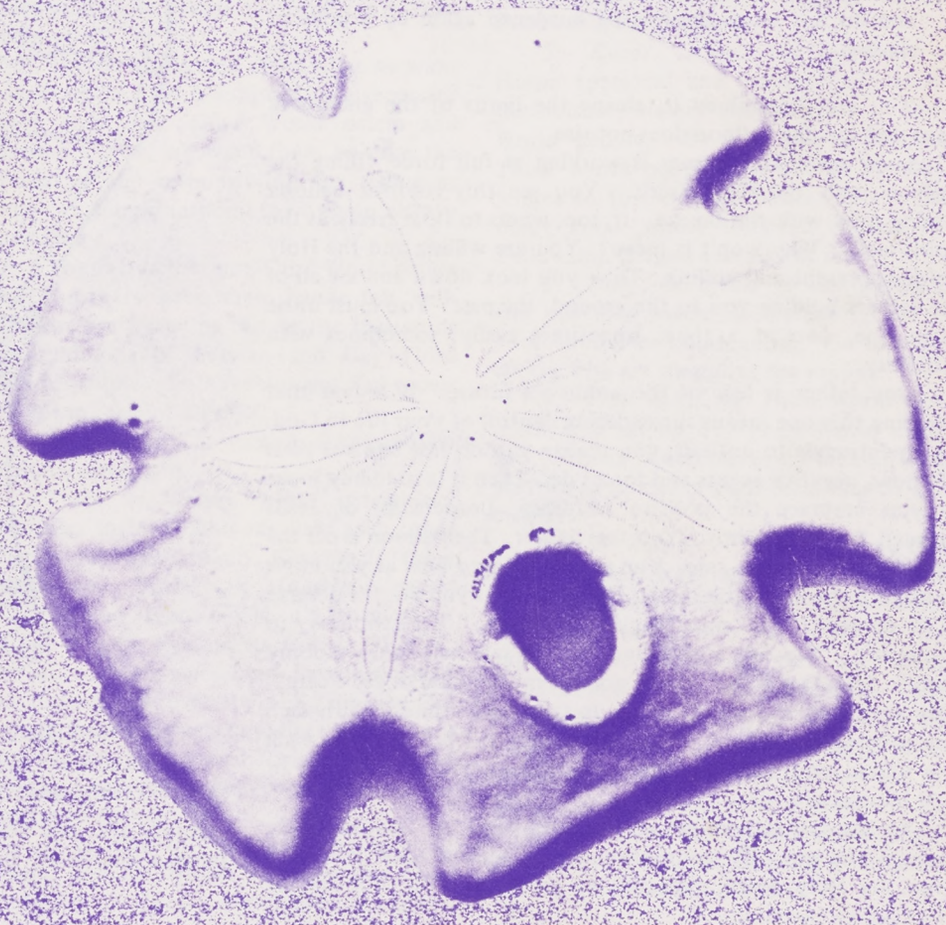
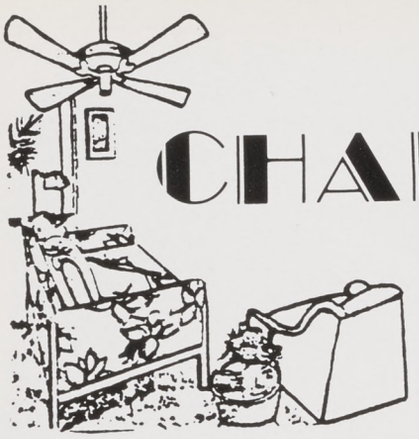
journey

APRIL 1984





CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

by Nancy Radclyffe

Collective Writer and Senior Chaplain

EXPERIENCING THE RESURRECTION

To be freed of our past so we may proclaim and live God's domain in the present is to be resurrected. Resurrection is not just an experience for after physical death but it is also an experience available to us each time we die a bit inside due to some event in the here and now. The same God through the sacrifice of Jesus and the present work of the Holy Spirit has put this resurrection at our fingertips.

Take an image trip with me and let's live this resurrection.

You are standing in a hot air balloon with the intention that once and for all you are going to be freed from the bondage of the past. You have recognized that so much of the past has enslaved you, controlled you. The words of Galatians 5:1 ring in your head:

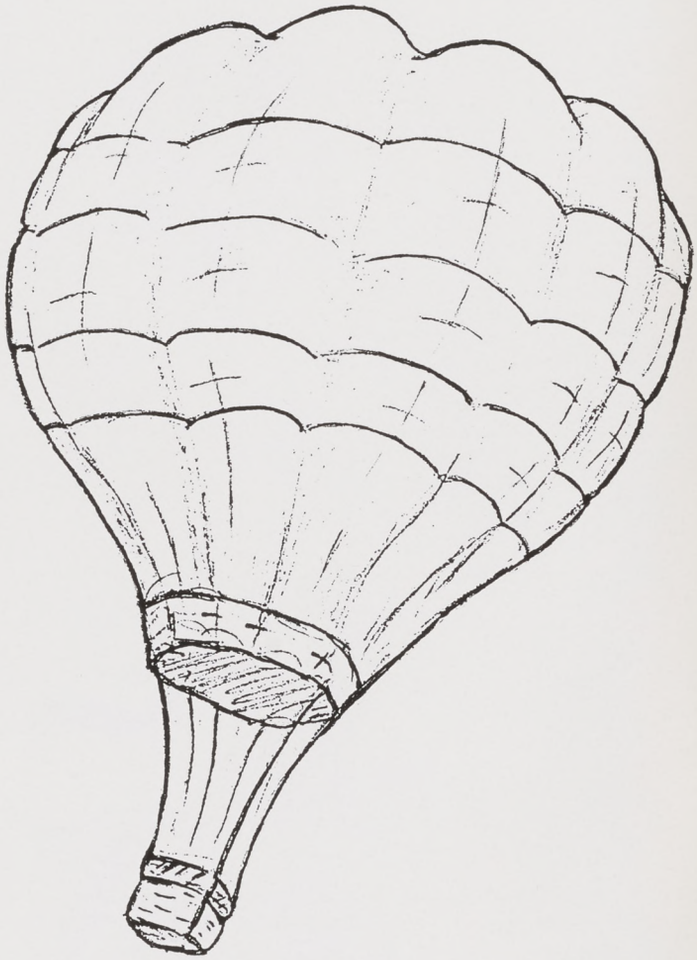
> It is for freedom that Christ has set us free. Stand firm, then, and do not let yourselves be burdened again by a yoke of slavery.

You are determined to escape the limits of the gravity of your past but the balloon does not rise.

Look up. The burner is working at full force, filling the balloon with the Holy Spirit. You see this colorful balloon waving a bit with the breeze. It, too, wants to float freely as the Spirit leads. Why won't it move? You are willing and the Holy Spirit is present and willing. Then you look down and see all of the tethers holding you to the ground, the past. You must untie them one, two at a time, sometimes easily, sometimes with difficulty.

One tether is fear of the unknown future. It is fear that releasing this one means surrendering control of your life to God. As you struggle to untie it, you realize you do not control your life now, negative events and forces do. Then it is suddenly loose as you embrace the positive Lordship, Leadership, of Jesus through the Holy Spirit. You feel lighter. The balloon is off the ground a little on one side. You are encouraged now as you move to other tethers to untie them. Name them as you do: "I deserve to be enraged." "I cannot forgive that wrong." "It's too risky to try again." "No one understands." "It's safe here in my gloomy shell." "Healing is for others, not for me." "God doesn't care." "My need isn't important enough to take God's time." With each one released the balloon lifts a bit and you feel lighter. With each one untied you have surrendered to the leading of the Spirit of God in your life.

At last the tethers are all undone. You are floating freely through the air. By your surrender of each shackle you have given the Holy Spirit clearance to work for you, not just be present in the baloon but to actually uplift and free and heal. You are feeling lighter, more whole, more alive, more real. The burner keeps producing more hot air. More of the grace of God is released to make you into a new creation. Yes, the Holy Spirit is in control both inside the balloon as the warm air that keeps you afloat and outside of the balloon as the wind currents that keep you going. This is indeed the work of the "breath of God" one of the descriptive names for the Spirit. At times it seems like you are the balloon and that the Spirit of God is filling you, healing, making new and is also around you guiding, protecting, inspiring. And so it is.



Then the balloon becomes sluggish and stops climbing. Why? You look around and find a ballast hanging over the edge. You realize it is an unreleased part of your past. A person not forgiven, a memory still not healed, forgiveness you never accepted, a scar from a childhood incident long forgotten. These are not the

continued on page 7

journey

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INSIDE

2 *Chaplain's Corner*
3 *What Can A White Person Do?*
4 *The Crowded Bus*
6 *Profile*
Connection
7 *Special Way To Share Samaritan Sunday*
8 *The Betrayer*
9 *NCC Update*
10 *Healing, Recovery For Women*
11 *FFO*
12 *Fellowship News*
15 *Self-Defense*

Illustrations: **Cory Allison**
COVER: **Paula J. Schoenwether**

What can a white person do?

by Nancy Wilson
Collective Writer

A frequent question asked of Third World leaders in our Fellowship by well-meaning white people is "What can I do to help you?"

The reality is that often what we want when we ask that is approval/forgiveness/or love from our Third World sisters and brothers. Or, we want them to take the initiative and responsibility for telling us how we should respond to our own history and issues.

The fact is that our Third World sisters and brothers have their hands full with survival and reaching out to the thousands and millions of Lesbian and Gay Third World people who have not yet had access to the miracle of UFMCC.

What we can do to help is to begin by helping *ourselves*.

There are many white sisters and brothers in MCC who can help each other figure out what to do. For nearly three years now, (since the Houston General Conference), there has been a Network of White People Against Racism in UFMCC. In all, over 10 workshops have been held in districts all over the U.S., articles and educational materials have been distributed, funds have been raised for the first Third World Conference and consciousness has begun to change.

It is time to "fire up" our network again, and for whites to renew our commitment to educate ourselves to the needs.

If you are a white person in MCC who cares about Third World Ministry, and especially about the upcoming Third World Gay and Lesbian Conference to be held in October of 1984 in New York City, here are 15 things you can do:

1. *Talk to other white people* in your church or District who have been educating themselves about racism (write to me if you don't know where to start).
2. *Help raise funds* for the Third World Conference by donating money yourself, organizing a fund-raiser in your local church or district; lobbying for a budgeted item in your local church budget or district budget to be designated for this cause. One local pastor told me that he is donating all the honorariums and gratuities he receives between now and October for this purpose.
3. *Tell* your Third World friends and acquaintances in and out of MCC about this Conference. Since Lesbian and Gay Third World people often get isolated by racist oppression, the only way they may find out about an MCC Third World Ministry is from a white sister or brother.
4. *Sponsor* an educational effort in your local church about racism and/or Third World Ministry -- call upon Third World leaders in your District or the Fellowship for the latter.
5. *Read!* About the dynamics of racism (personal and institutional), about the culture, history and struggles of Third World people. Be sure you know who Third World people are, and go to other whites to find out the basics. If you just don't know where to start, contact the Fellowship Offices and ask for me.
6. *Don't be afraid* to ask questions and confront subtle or blatant racism in your church or community. Go to other whites who are struggling for support.
7. *Pray daily* for Third World Outreach, and lift up our Third World sisters and brothers in and out of UFMCC in your prayers at home, in your local church and district.
8. *Be humble.* Don't expect that once you start working on your racism, or do something to support Third World Ministries, that you will now get the approval/love/forgiveness that will make you feel less guilty. Guilt paralyzes -- any forgiveness you need you and God are going to have to give -- and guilt *never* solved a problem. Belief that we can all change and grow *can* solve a problem. Do what you do for the joy and satisfaction it gives you -- for the joy of being a Christian, not for the approval of others.

continued on page 15

THE CROWDED BUS

by Cory Allison
Collective Member

He stood a little aback of the small jostling group boarding the already crowded evening bus. The woman ahead of him snapped her umbrella shut in his direction adding to the steady drizzle falling on his cheap, rumpled suit and bare head. The dark-complexioned man shivered in the evening chill of Los Angeles in a resigned patience that the poor know well.

As the shabbily dressed man finally stepped up the bus stairwell, he was confronted by the baleful, irritated stare of the bus-driver, who commanded, "Exact fare or bus pass!"

"Sorry, but I don't seem to have any money on me. I'm only going a short distance and if you could just let me ride a few blocks . . ."

"Listen, mister, exact fare, bus pass or get off!"

"Sir, if . . ."

"Will you back out so I can close the door! These people want to get home and I'm already running behind schedule!" Several disgruntled affirmations joined that of the bus driver.

Slowly the man began to back down the steps of the bus. Suddenly, out of the crowd came a voice from the side seat behind the driver, "I'll pay his fare, sir." The blind woman had gotten on a few blocks earlier and a student had somewhat reluctantly given her his place in the front area of the bus reserved for the blind and elderly.

"All right, let's go!" the driver bellowed.

Wearily, the slightly built man pulled himself up to the aisle level of the bus and grasped the overhead bar in front of the blind woman.

"Thank you," he murmured softly to the woman, "It makes the journey easier."

"I always appreciate a little help and kindness myself," she said.

The man's wet summer sandal brushed against the blind woman's shoe as the bus started up and momentarily put him off

balance. There was no further communication between them.

The RTD bus continued on a couple of blocks and then, once more ground to a halt at another bus stop.

"All right, let's move it back, folks! Plenty of room in the back!" The standing passengers groaned at this poor assumption. They were already almost a welded mass, but somehow they managed to press further back and the man was carried along another few inches.

The woman's voice was harsh, but it belied the anguish in her eyes, "Hey, mister, watch it! Christ! I'm trying to get up to the hospital with a few of these flowers left for my sister. She won't wake up to see 'em, but you don't have to ruin what's left of them!"

He drew his shoulder into a cramped position and turned slightly to the right causing himself to be pressed against the backside of a stocky little man standing next to him. The short man responded to his closeness in a voice embarrassingly loud, "You'd better not have your hand on my wallet, buster! Not that there's anything in it but my ID since I haven't been able to find work for two months."

"No, sir, I'm just trying to turn around a little," the darker complexioned man half whispered.

The smaller man felt for the wallet in his hip pocket and then his eyes more closely scrutinized the other man examining the threadbare condition of the lean man's once beige linen suit. "You been out of work, too? Don't you have any skills?"

"Oh, there's work to do. And yes, I have 'skills,' but people are always thinking they'll get by with somebody else. Most people don't see past what I'm wearing. And yes, as a matter of fact, I have a good resume, but few have bothered to read it, so they don't think they need my services."

"Yeah, well sorry I yelled at you," replied the man who had challenged him. "I'm up tight because I owe two months' rent and the manager is expecting the money tonight." He turned away.

At the next stop several people disembarked and the man found himself near the back door of the bus. He stood looking down at a woman holding a very young child in her arms. The little girl was well bundled up, with a scarf wrapped around her head and face. The edge of it fell away momentarily revealing a heart-rending sight. Only clumps of hair remained on the side of her little head and her facial features were horribly distorted almost as if they had melted into each other. The only vague resemblance might have been found in the faces of some of the lepers he had seen in the past. The child's mother hastily covered the child's face with the scarf again, but she looked up into his eyes and seeing the great sadness there, knew that he had seen her daughter's face.

"Fire," she spoke slowly, "but when you're on general relief, they don't do cosmetic surgery. God help her, maybe it would have been better if . . .". Her voice trailed off and she looked away. Ever so gently, his fingertips touched the child's scarf. Then, as the bus again lurched to a halt, the man got off at an isolated bus stop. He turned to watch the bus receding into the evening traffic and then began walking slowly away, seemingly oblivious to the now steady downpour of rain.

Several blocks away the blind woman hesitantly stepped out of the bus. The now heavy drumming of the rain and the evening traffic blended to disorientate her sense of hearing and she stood there trying to regain her bearings. Strange, for a moment she thought there was a minute flash of light! Impossible! No, darkness still reigned. Sighing, the blind woman took a firmer grip on her white cane and began fanning it out in front of her. Suddenly, a reddish-orange blur appeared, and then, in a matter of seconds, the woman could clearly see the tip of her cane! In awe, she straightened her body, raised her chin and slowly turned her gaze to the sights around her!

***

On the third floor of St. Theresa's General, the woman with the bedraggled flowers quietly opened the door of the hospital room, although she knew that any sound would not disturb her comatose sister, who, connected to a myriad of tubes, lay so still.

"I brought these from your garden, Betty." Jeannie withdrew one of the roses from the wilted bunch and gently laid it across her sister's fingers. Then, she bowed her head and quietly sobbed, unaware at first that the woman who lay on the stark white bed had slowly opened her eyes and was now focusing on her.

"Jeannie." It was murmured in a soft, dry hoarseness.

"Oh, Betty, thank God!"

***

A few blocks away, the short stocky man dejectedly opened the front door of the apartment building and almost immediately, he was confronted by the manager with, "Walter, unless you can come up with the rent now, you'll have to move out tonight. I'm sorry you haven't been able to find a job, but the owner of the building is on my neck."

"Hey, you've been more than fair, Mr. Wilson, but today was just another big zero job-wise. So, if it's okay with you, I'll get my belongings and turn in the key." When he came to the door of his apartment in the dimly lit hall, Walter reached into his pocket for the key and upon withdrawing it, quizzically looked at what else lay in the palm of his hand. Hurriedly, with hands shaking, he counted out the money which amounted to enough to pay the back and current rent with some money left over for groceries!

***

A neighborhood away, a key was turned in the front door of an old house. The woman wearily carried the slumbering child to a small room in the back of the dwelling. She lay the bundled-up little figure on a small cot and, crossing the room to turn on a lamp, the haggard mother could feel the cold naked wooden floor through the thin soles of her worn shoes. Returning to the cot, she reached down and began to unwrap the child. Unwinding the scarf from the still sleeping little girl, her eyes widened in amazement and then began to glisten with tears of joy. Her child was once more beautiful and there remained no signs of the ravages of the fire!

Dropping to her knees, the joyous mother exclaimed, "I don't understand, God, but, oh thank you! Thank you!"

***

The dome shape and headlights of the bus grew larger as it approached from the distance. When finally it drew up to the bus stop, the lone man standing there was generously drenched with curb water. The bus doors hissed open and the Healer began to mount the steps.

BOARD OF PENSIONS

The Board of Pensions of the UFMCC held its first meeting on February 25th. Among other business which is reported in the enclosed issue of "Insights" was the election of the following officers: Rev. Arthur Green, President; Mr. Paul Sheldon, Vice-President; Rev. Charlie Arehart, Secretary; Mr. John Willy, Treasurer. The Rev. Nancy Radclyffe, administrator for the pension program, was appointed as Recording Secretary. Elder Michael Mank attended the meeting as an ex-officio member on behalf of the Board of Elders. One more lay person is yet to be appointed by the Board of Elders to the Board of Pensions.

profile

by Kurt Kreisler
Collective Member

Within the broad, multi-dimensional scope of UFMCC there are many stories that would be best shared with the rest of the Fellowship. Stories of outstanding Christian dedication, love and practice abound concerning individuals, groups and churches that go out of their way for others with sheer joy their only motive. Such a person is Maryanne Mulligan who volunteers her time, efforts, love and skills to the Fellowship Offices in Los Angeles. It can only be said that she is more than dedicated.

Her successful avocation of volunteer work began in February of 1971 when she became active with the Crisis Intervention Committee of MCC Los Angeles. Maryanne recalls that it was hard work at times but, in the long run, very rewarding. She and her co-workers put in 12 hour shifts answering the phones and talking to people in crisis, often trying to urge them into coming in and discussing their situations with a counselor.

"Many times," Maryanne recalls, "it was simply that they needed another human being to talk with until they could get themselves together."

She worked the crisis lines for six and a half years. Then the church needed someone to volunteer from 5:00 PM until 10:00 PM so she offered her services for 18 months and found it a most enjoyable experience; working with very nice people on their way to meetings, Samaritan, Growing American Youth, Choir Practice and various other activities being conducted at the L.A. church.

It was in March of 1977 that Maryanne began donating her time and talents to the Fellowship Offices.

"I mainly work with Prison Ministry," she states with just a hint of pride and satisfaction in her voice. "At present we're compiling a list of prisoners' names and addresses which is being done under the direction of Rev. Elder Nancy Wilson. A copy of that list will go to an ex-con who is now in the Jay Cees in Buffalo, NY. He distributes a booklet called "Bridge Over Troubled Waters" free to every prisoner who is interested." She adds, "We are also revising the "Prisoners' Yellow Pages", a directory of self-help and law libraries which is also free to all prisoners."

When questioned as to which of her varied volunteer activities has been her favorite, she simply answers that it has been a great pleasure to be involved in all of them and to work with such terrific people!

Maryanne shared that she has been under psychiatric care for 21 years, which included a year and a half in a State Hospital. She offers this personal glimpse in the hopes that it will encourage those of her sisters and brothers who have emotional difficulties to seek professional help and to also be a living example that it is possible to deal with problems such as these and learn to function happily and satisfactorily in the everyday world.

Without reservation Maryanne also offered that 20 years ago she joined Alcoholics Anonymous and, after three difficult years at the beginning, now has 17 years of sobriety to her credit!

She was first introduced to MCC about

continued on page 9

CONNECTION

by Ravi Verma
Director of Administration

As one who has been a Fellowship "junkie" for several years, the last eight months have been very illuminating. When I accepted the position as Director of Administration of UFMCC, I knew I was following God's "call" in my life. In these months this calling has been occasionally questioned by me.

The Fellowship at large and myself are journeying together to understand the role and duties of Director of Administration. In this transition time my calling has been tested both by the volume of work and sometimes by others from inside and outside of UFMCC. It has also been confirmed and blessed by the nature and volume of the work and by many of you.

One of the challenging opportunities has been to organize ourselves and our work to better serve you while not operating like traditional large secular organizations. This tension has important implications on the kinds of systems we implement and their effect on Fellowship employees. It also affects the attitude, promptness and effectiveness with which we respond to the needs of our growing Fellowship. As a service organization our primary task is to serve the entire Fellowship effectively and to utilize our resources and people in a manner that reflects our understandings of our Church.

A great deal of time has been spent on organizing our financial record keeping and reporting. The financial reports now accurately represent our finances. We are now working on setting up cost centers to collect information on what it costs UFMCC to support the various programs approved by General Conference. The Fellowship will therefore be able to provide important information that is needed as we look at modifying the organizational structure of UFMCC and refining our budgetary process.

We have recently installed our new word processing equipment, praise God! We were able to do this by terminating leases on some of our older equipment. This will greatly enable us to do a multitude of tasks – especially keeping track of our church and clergy addresses!

As an involved layperson in MCC Pittsburgh and the MidAtlantic District, I always enjoyed receiving information from the Fellowship. It gave me a keen sense of belonging to a world-wide church and a renewed sense of our collective journey. I encourage you to be on our mailing list so that you, too, can share that experience. Also, do send us information that you would like to share with others.

Like you, we too are learning to creatively use all our resources to do what we are called on to do. That calling will be questioned, tested and tried and when we persevere it will be confirmed and bear fruit.

continued from page 2

ballasts of learning from the past, nor are they God's steadying hands. They are like the tethers. You discover different ones along the journey. Some of these weights are easy to surrender and drop overboard. With others you find yourself in a struggle again as the balloon drops and the speed slows. Gradually you can unknot these, too, and release them, surrender them and that part of yourself to God's care. They, too, are removed so they cannot control.

You realize that you are working with God to bring about your resurrection as you untie and let go. You are a co-partner in miracle- making in your life. More and more often and for longer and longer periods you are traveling freely in this balloon which is kept buoyant by the Holy Spirit and which is moved and guided by that same Spirit. This is salvation, resurrection, becoming new creations in this life. A continuing process of letting go and letting the breath of God work through and in you. While you are not in control neither are the negative influences of the past. While God is exercising God's Leadership in you you do not feel out of control because you participate with God. God is not doing things to you but with you. You feel the safety of this partnership and yield to it even more. You feel even more buoyant, more alive. Each time you feel the buoyancing of the Spirit lifting you, you are experiencing the resurrection.

With each release, with each surge of the balloon you see increasingly manifested in you the fruit of the Spirit. These are qualities which were given to you when you first believed but which were kept at bay by the negatives. As you yield to God in you, you find you have a greater and deeper love to give. There is a joy that exudes without effort. Peace and calm replaces the chaos. Patience is somehow just there. Kindness is freely offered without a second thought. You feel that you are indeed good. Being faithful to God and to your call is second-nature. There is so much gentleness with yourself and others. No longer is it such a struggle to do that which you truly want to do. There is self-control in partnership. Galatians 5:22 is yours!

Suggestions For Using This Column

To more fully experience this image trip of God's grace you may find it helpful to record this column and play it back while you are relaxed and ready for God to work. Another approach would be to have a close and trusted friend read it to you while you relax into it. In either instance there are times for pauses as you imagine the unknotting, the letting go, the letting God, the uplift, the partnership with God.

SLACCC number is (213) 465-4227. Mail to: P.O. Box 691566, Los Angeles, CA 90069.

A Special Way To Share

SAMARITAN

by Rev. Johannes DiMaria-Kuiper
Pastor, MCC Acadiana

As I read Pat Mechem's article about the library at Samaritan (*JOURNEY*, January 1984). I was reminded about the beautiful Gardner-Sage Library at New Brunswick Theological Seminary in New Brunswick, NJ. During my three years as a seminarian, I spent many hours at this historic library at a seminary which celebrates its 200th anniversary this year. In addition to the regular use of the library for my course work, I loved to browse through the vast collection of works dating back to the 16th and 17th centuries! It was a joy to catch a glimpse of the journey of a people long ago who bravely walked with God in the New, and unknown, World.

How did that library become such a grand and beautiful storehouse of knowledge, history and culture? The answer was simple. Through the years graduates, pastors, laity and friends have remembered Gardner-Sage with their special bequests. Upon retirement, pastors made sure that their personal library would not sit dormant. They shipped many of the books no longer needed to the library, where the books would live on and be used to the glory of God. I also learned that many would include the library in their last will and testament.

Recently my spouse and I made the practical decision to have wills made. Remembering how I benefitted during my years of study from the thoughtfulness of others, we included the library at Samaritan in our wills. We urge others to make such arrangements.

In addition, please take a look at your present personal library. Many of your books may look nice on the shelf and dress up a wall just right. But think how much more exciting it is to envision others, hungry for knowledge, using those books and bringing them alive in the knowledge and love of God.

The library at Samaritan must grow to become our UFMCC Resource and Archives Center. If we do our part, it will soon speak eloquently of the history of our special family and our walk with the God of gods who loves all people.

Samaritan Sunday

One Sunday in May of each year, MCC's all over the world celebrate our Fellowship's educational ministries by dedicating a worship service and an offering to Samaritan Educational Ministries. This year we ask each church community to join us in this celebration by choosing a Sunday in May as Samaritan Sunday.

This year each MCC will receive a brochure which describes our current programs and a bulletin insert which gives the Dean or Executive Director of each Division and their address. Worship resources are available free of charge upon request from Samaritan College:

Samaritan College
5300 Santa Monica Boulevard
Suite 104
Los Angeles, California 90029

This year has been a very exciting one for Samaritan with several new programs, courses, and materials being made available to UFMCC. We ask you to join in supporting these ministries with your prayers, praises and gifts.

the betrayer

by Chris Glaser
Collective Writer

Knock-knock.
(Who's there?)
Judas.
(Judas who?)

See? You've forgotten already! My name is Judas. Perhaps you'll remember me from the pre-crucifixion drama? I was the bad guy, the fink, the stoolie, the betrayer, who turned Jesus in to the authorities. In the bliss of Easter most people forget about me, the fall guy of the drama that led up to Easter. But Maundy Thursday, that's the day when most people think briefly about me – as briefly as possible, I might add -- because the very thought of a person as evil as me makes their stomachs turn. Maundy Thursday is when the scene of the Last Supper is commemorated, and of course the famous exchange between Jesus and me is made in which Jesus told me, "Whatever you do, do quickly." The disciples -- bless their hearts, naive to the last -- thought I was leaving to buy food for the Passover feast. Well, in a sense I *was*, since Jesus became the food for the Christian version of that feast: Communion. Anyway, Maundy Thursday is usually the day I get mentioned, if at all, and then I'm only mentioned in passing just before Protestants have to suffer through their volunteer choir singing some lousy Easter cantata. Most Protestants forget about me half way through the cantata and focus on the choir director as the real betrayer. As you can tell, I'm not fond of most Easter cantatas.

I'm here to tell you I'm getting tired of this brief dishonorable mention on Maundy Thursday. I want equal time on Easter Sunday! So I decided to ask JOURNEY magazine if I couldn't have equal space this issue to tell you my side of the story. Why, all Metropolitan Community Churches are so open to people, you can push 'em all over the place! 'Sure, you're one of God's children, too,' the JOURNEY collective said. 'You sure have something to add to our faith.'

Jesus was like that too, you know. What a pushover. Always open to everybody. People always have wondered why I betrayed him. Some people have insisted I betrayed him because I had hopes he'd be the political messiah of the Jews – to throw off the Roman rule and oppression. Some people have insisted that I betrayed him because I was a tool of the devil or even a tool of God. I'm here to tell you that none of those things is the reason. The reason I betrayed him was because he was just too *good!*

I've overheard some of you in MCC talking about experiencing 'unconditional positive regard' in your churches. Let me tell you, that's the way it was with Jesus -- all this 'unconditional positive regard' business. He loved everyone, all the time, no matter what they were doing or what they did or who they were. It was disgusting! And he said God loved like that, too. I couldn't stand it. I couldn't stand being loved. It made me angry, it made me disagreeable -- I can't tell you why. I hated myself for so long that to be loved seemed so -- so -- so perverted! And to love *myself* -- never!

I decided to push the limits: I'll betray him, I thought to myself, and then we'll see if he continues to love me. I'll push him to the limit. Now I do want to say in my own defense I never thought they'd crucify him when I betrayed him. I mean, I chose to betray him to the *religious* authorities because I thought they'd be more lenient with him than the civil authorities. I thought they'd just give him a good whippin' and he'd finally get angry at me and tell me where to get off and then I'd have the satisfaction of knowing I wasn't loved. But little did I know, those religious authorities were the cruelest folk I could have delivered him to. They got him a death sentence in no time. I couldn't stand it, I felt so guilty. Never could I believe that Jesus -- let alone God -- still loved me. All that was left was suicide – I mean, I couldn't even get up a lynch mob to hang me! They were intent on hanging *Jesus* on a tree! Crazy world: the good are hated and the bad are ignored. I had to hang *myself*.

Death doesn't keep you from Jesus'

continued on page 9

Samaritan Sunday

ANY SUNDAY IN MAY

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for Samaritan Sunday Celebration

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continued from page 8

words, however. Look at Lazarus as an example. He was dead as a doornail, but when Jesus told him to come out of his tomb, he did. Anyway, my death didn't prevent me from hearing Jesus' prayer to God on the cross, 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do.' And I knew he was also talking about me. Here I had betrayed him, and he was willing to forgive me! He still loved me, and he wanted God still to love me. It was too much when I heard those words. I cried like a baby.

Of course after the resurrection the other disciples went on to become apostles and selected someone to take my place. They suddenly got wiser, though without Paul later joining their ranks, I don't think they would have gotten Christianity beyond the gates of Jerusalem. They said a lot of nasty things about me, naturally, but that was to cover their own guilt – after all, *they* fell asleep when Jesus asked them to pray with him the night of his arrest in Gethsemane, *they* ran away like scared rabbits when he was arrested, and Peter (the *Rock* upon which Jesus was going to build his church!) denied Jesus three times before morning! What a motley crew! Only the women who followed Jesus were brave enough to go to the crucifixion, and someone said John was there, too.

And *you* – like the disciples – you probably think nasty things about me, too. "Aren't you Judas Iscariot, the one who betrayed Jesus?" you think when you see me. I'm here to tell you, I'm Judas Iscariot, but I didn't betray Jesus. I betrayed *myself*. I couldn't believe I could be loved – by Jesus, by God, by anyone. I kept thinking, if Jesus only knew what was in my heart or who I really was, then he wouldn't love me. But at the end, I found he knew exactly who I was, and yet loved me, asking God to forgive my betrayal. I don't love myself all that well. Why should Jesus love me? What does he see in me that is worth loving? I keep thinking I have to forgive myself. If God and Jesus are willing to forgive me, surely I can forgive myself.

Jesus could transcend the cross and death because he could forgive me who betrayed him. Jesus could transcend the cross and death because he could forgive Peter who denied him. Jesus could transcend the cross and death because he could forgive his disciples who deserted him. Until you can forgive a betrayer, a denier and a deserter, you cannot transcend a cross or death, for you'll be weighed down by anger, grudges and disappointment. And until you recognize that the ultimate betrayer, denier and deserter is your very own self and that you must forgive *yourself*, you cannot fully experience that you are loved by others, by Jesus, by God. We all deny ourselves so much love! Take it, it's yours for the asking. Trust it. Have faith in it. Believe it. Enjoy it. Only then can you rise to the occasion of Easter with Jesus. I urge you as one who, in earthly life, was a professional betrayer of self.

Love is being crucified and rising again as if it never happened. That's love for you! That's love for *you*.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES UPDATE

Today the Fellowship received a letter from the General Secretary of the National Council of Churches, Dr. Claire Randall. Dr. Randall told us that the motion to "postpone indefinitely" any action on our application for membership means that our application is now back in the hands of the Constituent Membership Committee. This means we will *not* have to re-apply for membership, as was implied earlier. Instead, it will be the Membership Committee who will decide when and how to bring up our application again for further action.

Meanwhile, the Executive Committee of the Governing Board will be the body responsible to work out, with UFMCC, a plan for continuing education and dialogue. The next meeting of the Governing Board meeting will be in May, 1984 in Louisville, KY. Rev. Elder Nancy Wilson will be present at that meeting, where the first official meeting of the newly organized "Gays-and-Lesbians-and-their-Friends Caucus" of the Governing Board will be held.

The Governing Board has two openly Gay members (Paul Vandenburg, United Methodist and Cliff Alika, United Church of Christ), and one openly Lesbian staff person, Chris Cowap (Division of Church and Society).

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continued from page 6

14 years ago by her late lover, Margo Wood. "I went reluctantly," Maryanne admits. "At the time I was totally turned off to organized religion." She and Margo had six and a half years together before Margo died. Troy Perry conducted the funeral services even though Margo's brother-in-law was a minister.

"Professional therapy has helped," adds Maryanne. "But what has helped the most is the love and joy and friendships I've found in MCC, Holy Trinity and the Fellowship Offices."

A few of the more simple but very rewarding pleasures of her life include receiving and writing letters, playing with Liam Padraic, her kitten, working jigsaw puzzles and going to AA meetings.

One is left, after talking intimately with Maryanne, with the warm feeling that here is a woman who has expended great energy and effort in overcoming seemingly insurmountable obstacles in her own life and still has, through God's grace, strength, hope, courage and love left over to share with others.

Healing, recovery for women

AN OPEN LETTER TO OUR SISTERS AND BROTHERS IN UFMCC

by Shelley Hamilton
Pastor, DeColores MCC

Several months ago a coalition of women from three Los Angeles area churches held an organizational meeting designed to explore the possibility of developing and implementing an ongoing program of ministry and service to women incarcerated in Sybil Brand, a county prison for women. We are concerned with service for all women, but our primary focus and concern is with Lesbian women.

Women from DeColores Metropolitan Community Church, Metropolitan Community Church of Los Angeles and Metropolitan Community Church in the Valley met. Our primary objectives and concerns revolved around ways to initiate programs of healing and recovery for women within the institution. Some of the women who met with us were former inmates and others are involved in programs of recovery for drug and alcohol abuse and so had some basic understandings that have proven invaluable in our process. What began that night was a continuing process of education, revelation and outrage.

We also had contact with women in SBI and with women in relationships with women in SBI. We've learned a great deal in a very short amount of time. We believe the information we're gathering is important and needs to be shared. We also believe there's tremendous injustice and oppression going on within this institution that desperately needs confronting. Our efforts thus far have been small, quiet and non-conflictive and already we're meeting overt resistance from within the hierarchy of the prison.

After our first meeting, Nancy Wilson (DeColores MCC) and myself began making chaplain visits to women in Sybil Brand. We began this process by having our credentials as UFMCC clergywomen approved by Rev. Lee Settgast, director of chaplains for all county facilities.

Our first contact with women in prison came from women who were members of or affiliated with MCC churches. Through these women came requests from other women who wanted to meet with us because we are clergy who openly and acceptingly minister to the Gay and Lesbian community. And soon we began receiving calls at our churches for visits and help.

We were, from the very beginning, met with hostility, resentment and rudeness from officials within the prison. Our most intense encounter with this negative energy came from the chaplain. (I'm sure I don't need to point out the reasons for her rudeness and hostility.)

Following are some examples of the type of difficulties that began to confront and oppose us. The chaplain limited the number of women she would allow us to see each visit. The chaplain gave anti-Lesbian literature to the inmates we visited and harrassed them in public. Refused to allow us to see women who had specifically requested to see us on the grounds that they aren't members of our churches. They also monitored our visits, listening in on our conversations while we visited. We were not allowed to make our visits in the attorney's room like other clergy are allowed to. Inmates did not receive letters we had sent. Accusations were made that we are soliciting members for our churches. The chaplain told us that one woman in particular, who we had visited weekly for several months, no longer wished to have visits from us. Later we learned from another chaplain and from the sister that we were told a lie.

In the past months women in SBI and women who have spent time there have shared much information with us. They tell us that there is open abuse and punishment for women who are overtly Lesbian and that the food is lousy and medical care worse. They tell us the chaplain preaches and teaches regularly that Lesbianism is a sin and a sickness and that she also uses her authority in ways that are oppressive and hurtful to our sisters. They tell us that at least half, if not more, of the women in SBI are Lesbians and that most of the women are Black, Latina, Lesbian and poor. They tell us that there's a cell block for women who are emotionally, psychologically and sometimes, physically ill and that this cell block (which holds women so broken in spirit that they have little hold on reality and should be in places where they can receive medical and psychological attention) is used as a threat to deter Lesbian friendships and other forms of "deviate" and "radical" behavior. They also tell us that most of the women in SBI are there because of drug and alcohol abuse and their crimes, whatever they may have been, are usually involved in some way with the use of drugs and alcohol.

The most recent obstacle they are confronting us with is the privilege of chaplain's visits to women who aren't officially on our membership lists. We've begun a process to challenge their rules. We've spoken to the director of the chaplain's program and with the warden of SBI. We've explained the uniqueness of the situation, talked about homophobia and special needs that aren't being addressed. We talked about oppression and drug and alcohol abuse. The higher up the ladder we go, the more polite people become and the fewer positive results we're able to obtain. They counter our requests and pleas with conditions of overcrowding and lack of staff to implement our programs. We will continue the struggle because we believe deeply that our sisters are experiencing oppression and discrimination and that they're being punished instead of empowered and healed. We believe we have services and can connect women with services that will enable them to begin a process of recovery which will deter the cycle of ongoing incarceration.

We've encountered basic needs; food, housing, clothes and jobs. Probably the greatest needs are drug, alcohol and job programs designed to affirm and address the special needs of Lesbians. Women have

continued on page 11

FFO

UFMCC's Commission on Faith, Fellowship and Order

by Jennie Boyd Bull
Chair, FFO

Since June, FFO has lived through and celebrated General Conference, mapped out its plans for the next two years, planned a working conference in March '84, developed some new projects, and established an ongoing relationship with the National Council of Churches' Faith and Order Commission.

The Toronto '83 General Conference was a time of consolidation, refinement and growing enthusiasm for FFO. Our meeting was well attended.

Since conference, Rev. Nancy Wilson and Rev. Ken Martin are developing a workshop on "Vocabularies of Faith and Sexuality," available now for presentation at May district conferences and thereafter. At least one district (Great Lakes) has encouraged FFO representatives to offer workshops in "areas," gathering MCCers from churches within easy traveling distance. At the recent MidAtlantic Conference, FFO representatives Marianne VanFossen and Erik Browning developed and led a workshop on "Race and Racism in the Church: What are the Issues? What is our Response?" This workshop used the question-asking, grassroots information-gathering format developed by FFO in previous workshops to gather input on institutional racism in UFMCC at the Fellowship, District and local levels, using the input to formulate action goals by the end of the conference. They are writing up the workshop for distribution to other FFO representatives.

FFO has been designated "official liaison" with the Faith and Order Commission of the National Council of Churches, and I attended their October 12-16 meeting in Chicago. This turned out to be part of a larger conference on reception of the *Baptism, Eucharist and Ministry* statement adopted by the World Council of Churches in Lima, Peru in 1982. This ecumenical statement is a consensus of Orthodox, Roman Catholics, Protestants, Evangelicals and Pentecostals worldwide, giving areas of agreement and their biblical basis, with commentary on areas of difference. Official responses by denominations are due in 1985 in preparation for a 1987 World Council of Churches Faith and Order meeting. I was able to speak for UFMCC in support of the document, as a gift giving us words to speak of the sacramental unity we already experience in our worship. I also pointed out some weaknesses in the document: lack of emphasis on ministry of the laity, equivocation about women's ordination, exclusive male God imagery. These concerns were widely discussed as major areas of concern and needed growth throughout Christianity by many in the conference. We are not alone!

As always for MCC in ecumenical situations, there were several opportunities for pastoral care of closeted people and parents. I also had a fruitful talk with an Orthodox priest on the Faith and Order staff who said he believes the Orthodox would be more honest to relate to the NCC as the Roman Catholics do. We embraced when we left. I was warmly welcomed, fed and housed by Good Shepherd Parish MCC members and staff – typical of MCC hospitality.

I will be working with the "contextual theology" working group of Faith and Order at future conferences, and already can see that MCC's "context" will be valuable there. We will be publishing a study booklet in late 1984 on this topic – helping people see how their experience shapes their faith. There was also much jubilation over publication of the new Inclusive Lectionary, since Letty Russell and others in the working group had been deeply involved in its development. Overall, the conference was a good beginning to an ongoing relationship with Faith and Order, and I hope in the future to include more FFO representatives and other MCCers in the meetings, although UFMCC can have only one "official observer." The next meeting is in New York State in September '84.

It is also my hope that FFO can facilitate discussion of the *Baptism, Eucharist and Ministry* statement throughout UFMCC, and this will be on the agenda for our March FFO meeting.

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continued from page 10

told us that a worship experience facilitated by sex positive Lesbians would have been, and would be, a healing and inspiring experience for women trying to feel good about themselves in a very ugly environment. They also told us there is a great need for A.A. meetings where the speakers are women and Lesbians and who know what the prison experience is all about.

We have many visions about how this ministry develops and unfolds. We have goals to work for. A recovery house, a halfway residential house, worship services focused around Lesbian experiences of God, a healing rap group, job programs, a full-time Lesbian chaplain on the facility and someday a world where such places no longer exist.

Our involvement in this ministry has been brief in terms of time – just under a year, but we've learned many, many things in that time. We recognize that the struggle has just begun and that we've many more things to learn. However, we know this for certain; there are hundreds of our sisters in SBI. They're Lesbians, they're Black, Latina and they're poor. We understand that we are involved in a battle against thousands of years of institutional racism, classism, sexism and homophobia. We're confronting a bureaucratic organization that is concerned with institutional order and efficiency. We're concerned with human need. Our goals are healing, empowering and loving. Pray for us and with us. And if you'd like to support us more concretely, our program needs resources. From time to time we'll let you know what's happening.

Peace and Grace,

Shelley A. Hamilton

fellowship news

our journey

DELORES BERRY INSTALLED IN PORTLAND

by Jeri Lee-Hostetler

On February 5, 1984, Rev. Delores Berry was formally installed as senior pastor of MCC-Portland, Oregon. The congregation, the new pastor, their guests and their friends spent the weekend in an atmosphere of rejoicing and celebration that was more family reunion than church ritual.

Those guests and friends included visitors from cities all up and down the West Coast. Rev. Sherre Boothman was there to contribute to the celebration with a workshop on Samaritan College. David Pelletier, Northwest District Coordinator, was there to contribute a workshop on the district. Rev. Troy Perry offered a workshop on MCC history. Rev. Freda Smith preached a renewal service on Saturday night, following a sit-down dinner. And those were just preliminaries.

The highlight of the weekend was the Sunday evening installation service. That service, like most Sunday evening services at MCC-Portland, began with a rousing singspiration, led by Pelletier, and progressed through the usual formalities: organ prelude, candle lighting, introit and call to worship.

The processional was next, and the roof of the old building virtually shook, as organ and congregation both raised their voices in a magnificent rendition of "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." Down the aisle came the grey-robed choir, followed by ranks of clergy, most of them in red-and-white robes, matching the color scheme which Rev. Berry had chosen for the installation. Clergy, in turn, were followed by deacons and student clergy from MCC-Portland and by district lay officers, all wearing red or white carnation boutonnieres.

For announcements that evening, Jane Sandmeier and David Dishman of the pastoral search committee presented a brief history of the relationship between Rev. Berry and MCC-Portland: she turned them down the first time they contacted her. She turned them down again at General Conference in 1983. Later that year, she was finally persuaded to "candidate," and that was the end of the story.

Following announcements, family prayer led into a rendition of the Lord's Prayer, especially arranged by choir director Terry Snowden.

After offering and Scripture reading – somehow these "typical" activities seemed to take on an air of celebration to match the rest of the evening – Rev. Berry joined the choir to sing "I Have Decided to Make Jesus My Choice."

And then Rev. Troy Perry stepped into the pulpit. His sermon took the form of an admonition to Rev. Berry and her congregation: "Go ahead and be fully human. Just remember to love and forgive each other through it."

The installation ceremony followed. It began with the quiet moments when Rev. Perry and Rev. Smith prayed over a kneeling Rev. Berry, while Amani sang "El Shaddai." It included Rev. Berry's victory song, "Changed." And it included the offering of symbolic gifts by members of MCC-Portland: a Bible, a book of prayers, a container of olive oil and many others. The service had been written by Rev. Berry and it symbolized commitment, both on her part and the part of the congregation.

And there was something more, something Rev. Berry did not write into the service, something she could never have written in had she worked on that service for a century and more. Because the undercurrent of the evening, the thing that made it more family reunion than ritual, was not something given that night. It had been given long before, by the people of Portland. That something was the love, respect, cooperation and admiration they so obviously offered to the smiling woman who stood before them on that Sunday night and loved them back.

Pastor Delores P. Berry receives her special gift from the family of MCC-Portland – her clergy bear. It was presented by the maker of it, Deacon, Nita Gates. This was received at the end of the Installation part of the festive ceremony on February 5, 1984 worship service. (Photo by Linda P. Tody).

"LIFE BEHIND THE ZION CURTAIN OR "YES, FRIEND, THERE IS AN MCC IN SALT LAKE CITY"

by Bruce M. Barton
and
Bruce Wm. Harmon

Salt Lake City means different things to different people. For example, some think of Mormonism and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. To skiiers, Salt Lake City is renown for the greatest powder skiing in North America. To musicians, Salt Lake City means the Utah Symphony or the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. Dancers may think of Ballet West or the Ririe Woodbury Dance Company.

To many though, Salt Lake City means repression, excommunication, "the closet" and vice-squad raids. It is estimated that there are over one-hundred thousand Gay men and Lesbians living along the Wasatch Front, (a 90 mile stretch from Ogden, to the north, to Provo, just to the south.)

Leaders of the predominant religious group here teach their members that homosexuality is an abhorrant lifestyle and is a threat to their "family oriented" theology. To those of us who live here it is no surprise that Salt Lake City and the State of Utah lead the nation in per-capita teenage male suicide statistics. There are several instances where young people in crisis have been counseled for hours, only to be found in an obituary column several days later. The counselors were told that the young person's parents believed that they were better off dead. The parents believed that "their" God could not possibly love their homosexual child.

There is hope! MCC of Salt Lake City is providing the truth of God's love for all people.

***

For over 10 years the ministry of UFMCC has been a part of this community. It has not been without difficulties and its own unique problems.

There have been periods where the ministry of MCC reached well over 100 people on a regular basis. There have also been other periods, as recently as within the last year, where attendance has dropped to only a handful. It's important to add at this time that Salt Lake City's political climate is vastly different than it is in more liberal metropolitan areas. Disclosure of one's sexuality can often cost a person their job, their family, and even their very life.

***

It is clear to those of us here that God has kept hope alive through the years. We are now experiencing an exciting spiritual rebirth. From three people in attendance the last Sunday in August to 18 people the last Sunday in January, we have grown both in numbers and in spirit.

We are in the process of seeking new worship space as we have now outgrown our present quarters. We have plans to begin new Bible Studies, regular church socials and of sending a large contingent to our upcoming Northwest District Conference in Modesto, CA over the Memorial Day weekend.

We believe that it's through the power of prayer that this work is progressing and invite your prayer participation with our family here for continued spiritual growth and success.

former MCCSA member

This photograph of Jim Corrigan, *JOURNEY'S* Valentine Story Contest winner, and Clary Thorgersen, Corrigan's lover of 47 years, arrived too late to be included with the story. This was the day the two men met and began their journey together. It was August 5, 1933.

CALVARY MCC

Rev. Sky Anderson was accepted on staff as Associate Pastor, and Rev. F. Randall (Randy) Hill was welcomed as a member, thereby becoming Clergyperson in Residence. They were also blessed with receiving into membership Fay Anderson, Sky's wife, and Marc Johnson, Randy's spouse; bringing their total membership to 50.

Anderson's main assignment will be to continue his work with the Emergency Housing Consortium, a program to assist single people who have been displaced by affording them housing and training to re-enter the work force, as well as assisting with that re-entry process. He achieved remarkable success with this program when he was working with El Zocalo prior to his relocating to the Emergency Housing Consortium.

MCC BUFFALO TAKES ON CHALLENGE OF "INTENTIONAL MINISTRY"

Metropolitan Community Church of Buffalo has taken seriously Rev. Joseph Gilbert's challenge from the Northeast District Conference workshop on intentional ministry.

Sherry Kennedy, worship coordinator of MCC-Buffalo, notes that Joseph struck a good chord in suggesting that churches should give attention to identifying people's gifts and their needs to serve, using this as the foundation upon which to build programs.

With that in mind, MCC-Buffalo began asking: "What specifically do you need to do in MCC-Buffalo? What are your gifts? How can those gifts be used?"

One of the things this congregation discovered was that in its search for a pianist (as honorable as that might have been), it was overlooking two people in the congregation who had gifts and talents to bless the church with guitar music.

Perhaps all our churches should ask how often this is repeated among us.

MCC ROCHESTER INITIATES PASTORAL CARE PROGRAM

The Metropolitan Community Church of Rochester has implemented a new pastoral care program. It is carried out by Rev. Willie White and two lay pastoral assistants.

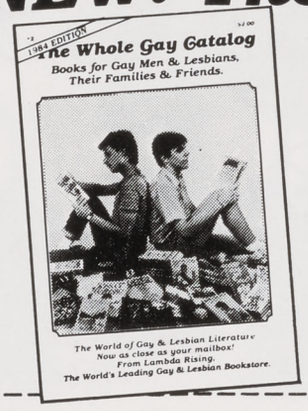
They meet for 2-3 hours each Monday evening for prayer, study and a detailed review of the congregation. Out of this time together, they decide to write pastoral letters, make pastoral phone calls, or visit depending on needs within the congregation. This program is having a definite, positive impact upon the ministry of MCC Rochester. Among a number of out-growths from this program have been the development of a signing and interpreting ministry during worship and refreshments time on Sundays.

Also, MCC Rochester has contracted for permanent office space at New Life Presbyterian Church, the location of worship services and other church activities.

SHARE YOUR "GOOD NEWS" WITH OTHERS

JOURNEY would like to feature some human interest stories in the future. Has some individual or group in your church gone out of their way to be of Christian service? Had a unique or interesting ministry? Deserve to be recognized for their selfless and giving attitude? Please let us share it with others. Submit material to: *JOURNEY* 5300 Santa Monica Boulevard, Suite 304, Los Angeles, CA 90029.

NEW! The 1984 Edition of The Whole Gay Catalog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Although anti-Gay and Lesbian violence is nothing new, it seems to be especially prevalent in areas where Lesbian and Gay people have a high profile. But returning to the closet or becoming invisible to avoid attacks is the surest way to make our communities and our own self-respect disintegrate. The alternative is to take steps to minimize the risk of attacks and to protect ourselves if they occur.

Following are some suggestions as to how Lesbians and Gay men can protect themselves better from street violence. They are based on safety information published by various local groups including the Madison All-Gays Crisis and Counseling Center, Gay-Male-S/M Activists (New York), the New York City Lesbian/Gay Anti-Violence Project, and San Francisco's Community United Against Violence. Remember that not all attacks *can* be prevented or escaped from; these self-defense guidelines should not be construed as an attempt to shift responsibility from the assailant to the victim. All too often Lesbian and Gay victims of violence are blamed for attacks they neither invited nor deserved. The notion that we are responsible for violence against us is as antiquated and destructive as similar notions used to justify rape.

How to Minimize the Risk of Attack

* Know your local "danger zones," areas where Lesbians and Gay men have been frequently attacked. Try to avoid these areas if you are alone. Pick routes where there is life in the streets: other pedestrians, open stores, traffic. If it is late and you are able to take a cab or bus to your destination, do so.
* If you must walk alone, walk assertively and be alert. If you are intoxicated, drugged, tired, or upset, try not to show it. Assailants have a nose for vulnerability and are looking for easy targets.
* Make *brief* eye contact with people who walk towards you to determine whether they are a threat and to let them know you are aware of their approach. If you hear someone behind you, don't be afraid or embarrassed to turn around and see who it is. If you *feel* threatened, you very well may be, and you should act accordingly. Analyze later. Every second told us that a worship experience facilitated of denial reduces the time you might need to escape.
* If you think someone is following you, widen the distance between the two of you. Walk closer to the street or cross the street. Walk into a store. Run if you need to.
* Avoid close-up verbal exchanges with people you are not comfortable with. If people in cars or on the street ask you a question or request directions, yell back a response rather than approach them.
* Prolonged or aggravated verbal exchanges often result in violence. If someone taunts or harrasses you, do not respond unless you are prepared for a fight.
* Learn some basic self-defense techniques. Many Lesbians and Gay men grow up believing they are weak and can't defend themselves; they underestimate the power they really do have. Although some types of self-defense are sophisticated and take years to master, others are simple, easy to learn, and often quite effective. Their purpose is not to overpower and subdue an attacker but to injure a vulnerable area so that *you* can escape.

What to Do If You Are Attacked

* If you carry a whistle—and you should—*use* it. Or yell. Your voice is a powerful instrument, and yelling may deter an attacker as well as getting your own adrenalin going and alerting others in the vicinity to what is happening.
* *On the other hand*, if your assailant is armed with a gun, stay quiet and still. And never rush at someone who has a knife. If the motive is robbery rather than assault, do not resist.
* Once violence has begun, however, defend yourself. Homophobic assailants are no less vicious if you are passive, and they often don't *expect* much resistance from their Lesbian and Gay victims. Surprise them. Aim blows at vulnerable areas: the face, throat, solar plexus, groin, kidneys. Stomp their feet. Kick their shins. Knee them in the crotch. Scream bloody murder. And as soon as you can, run like hell!
* A single heavy blow to your face or head could be fatal. If you fall or are forced to the ground, tuck your head into your arms.

What to Do If You See an Attack

* Call the police immediately from the nearest phone. In many communities, dialing 911 will connect you directly with the police switchboard.
* Blow a whistle. Yell "Fire!" or "Police!" Bang garbage cans. Try to get help.
* If your community has a Lesbian/Gay anti-violence project, call and make a report. If not, call the NGTF Crisisline [(800) 221-7044 outside New York State, Alaska and Hawaii; (212) 807-6016 inside those states].

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continued from page 3

9. *Don't give up!* Despair is a sin, because it separates us from hope, and from our relationships to God and others. If you "rock the boat," you won't always be popular, and you will run into some walls of resistance. Call on other whites for *encouragement*.

10. *Do have a sense of humor.* Racism is not *funny*, but people are. Laughing at ourselves can be healing and healthy.

11. *Do believe* that you can make a difference -- with a little forethought, sincerity and hard work.

12. *Report back!* Let us know of your efforts and successes!

13. *Don't be self-righteous*. Nobody's perfect, and a lot more change happens through patient, positive dialogue than snappy slogans, blaming and acting like you have it altogether. People can hear and change when they feel loved and supported, not berated and belittled.

14. *Join the Network*. by sending me your name and address at Fellowship headquarters.

15. *ENJOY!* If you are not having a good time overcoming racism and supporting Third World Ministries, you are doing it wrong! Anything worth doing is worth having a good time doing.

(Thanks to the Los Angeles Chapter of White Women against Racism and Rickie Shereover for many of these ideas.)

EASTER GREETINGS

When our hearts are wintry, grieving or in pain,
Thy touch can call us back to life again,
Fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:
Love is come again like wheat that springeth green.

(From: NOW THE GREEN BLADE RISETH, by J.M.C. Crum)

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